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SKETCHES
OF
V I R G I N I A
HISTORICAL
AND
B I O G R A P H I C A L.
(First Series)

WILLIAM HENRY FOOTE

my universal known reputation, both in Europe and America, makes me easy under such invidious imputations. I have been represented to your Lordship as being *factionous*, both in the government of Virginia and Maryland. I have peaceably lived in Virginia; I have brought from Maryland a certificate of my past reputation, signed by some men of the best quality in the most contiguous county, ready to be produced at the trial, if there had been occasion for it. A copy of which I shall presume to enclose for your Lordship's perusal and satisfaction.

"I beg leave to represent to your Lordship my just concern at the sundry precepts for apprehending me, both in York and the Jerseys, as one of the greatest criminals; whereby I am prevented in performing my ministerial duties to many in your Lordship's government of my own persuasion, who desire it.

"I shall patiently expect your Lordship's commands and directions, in giving me an opportunity for vindicating myself in what is charged against me, and being always ready to comply with any qualifications enjoined and required by law.

"I beg leave of your Lordship, to subscribe myself,

Your Excellency's most humble and

Most obedient servant,

FRANCIS MAKEMIE."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCOTCH IRISH.

THE congregations gathered by Makemie, in Maryland, flourished after his death; and the Presbytery, formed principally by his agency, increased greatly, and stretched first northward, and then southward, and at last westward, under the auspices of numerous Synods, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. For about thirty years after the death of Makemie, the number and influence of Presbyterians in Virginia were small. Not one flourishing congregation could be found, nor one active minister lived, in her borders. Then commenced a tide of emigration from his father land, the province of Ulster, Ireland, that spread over a beautiful section of Virginia, and filled up her wild borders with a peculiar race. The influence of that race of men on Virginia, in making her what she is, invests its history with an interest perpetually increasing, as the results of the meeting,—the collision,—and the intermingling of the Old English and Scotch Irish members of

the British family, in the wilds of America, are manifested to the world. A sketch of the Old English stock is given in the first chapter. That race had a character peculiar and imposing. The Scotch Irish had a character equally as peculiar, and, though less imposing, more effective of religious eminence, and literary excellence, and not a whit behind in political aspirations, and self-denying labours in the cause of liberty.

A true estimate of Makemie, whose sufferings and labours and success, occupy the two preceding chapters, cannot be formed by considering him individually, or his actions in Virginia, and other provinces, apart from that race that gave him birth, and from the circumstances that moulded that race and made him what he was. Looking at him as he appears in Virginia, aside from his education, he appears to be the most singular man of his day; his course cannot be well understood. That he had principles of religion and morality of great energy and unchangeable power, is evident. And it is equally evident that they were not, what was anciently termed malignancy, or in more modern times, radicalism, or personal ambition, or enthusiasm, or bigotry, or jesuitical adherence to party. The current of his life flowed like a pure stream from an abiding equable fountain. To find that fountain we must cross the ocean, and search the records of his race in the province of Ulster, Ireland.

For a detailed account of the Scotch Irish,—their origin,—their principles of religion,—their church forms and government,—their awakenings—their sufferings—their abortive, yet almost romantic, effort at emigration to America, in the *Eagle Wing*,—their political opinions,—their expectations in emigrating to America,—their influence in Ireland,—and the formation of their religious and civil character,—the reader is referred to the *Sketches of North Carolina*, published the latter part of 1846, by Carter, New York. The recent appearance of that volume, and the fulness of detail in chapters 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, render the attempt at further delineation unnecessary. One powerful, and proximate, cause of emigration, omitted in that volume, will be given in this,—The Siege of Londonderry and its consequences.

The two distinct families of the British Empire met in Virginia, in circumstances well calculated to stimulate to vehement exercise the principles of both, in civil and religious matters. Their mutual action and reaction improved both parties; and Virginia is, now, what neither, singly, could have made her. Both had fixed principles of civil and religious liberty; but their views of liberty in the State, and in the Church, were somewhat different both in theory and practice. The scions of the Old English stock, in the "ancient dominion," considered, the en-

joyment of religious ordinances established, maintained, and defended, by the State, undisturbed and unawed by any foreign power, to be religious liberty, the liberty of the majority, the liberty of an independent State.

The Scotch Irishman, on the frontier, thought freedom of choice in regard to doctrines of belief,—forms of worship,—and ordinances of religion,—and the undisputed and undisturbed exercise of this choice, confirmed to every member of society, and defended by law, made religious liberty.

The civil liberty of the English scion was the liberty of Englishmen, of the national church, in England,—the liberty of King, Lords and Commons, with different grades in society, acting independently of all foreign powers. The Scotch Irishman thought freedom of person,—the right of possession of property in fee simple,—and an open road to civil honours, secured to the poorest and feeblest member of society, constituted civil liberty.

When these races came in collision, and their first meeting was a collision, there was exasperation and persecution; the strong arm of the law avenged the complaining Establishment on the sturdy defender of Calvinistic Presbytery. But when the soft hand of the seaboard grasped, in friendship, the toil hardened hand of the frontier, the "ancient dominion" gave refinement of manners, and received back religious freedom, on the only true and firm foundation, the Being, Attributes and Government of God, as revealed in the Gospel of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. And the blending powers gave being and life to the civil liberty of Virginia, the mother of Presidents and of States.

CHAPTER V.

SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY: ITS CONNEXION WITH THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

THE Siege of Londonderry, a small, badly fortified city, on the West bank of the Foyle, in the province of Ulster, Ireland, forms an important chapter in the history of the Protestant succession in England. It is particularly interesting to multitudes in the United States, whose ancestors sustained the siege, shared in the joy of the victory, but not in the advantages, and finally became exiles, to the wilds of America, to enjoy a Protestantism too pure for England, or the nations of Europe. It is an unquestionable fact of history, though it may be slow in

finding its place in volumes written by English hands for English eyes, that the shutting the gates of Derry, Friday, Dec. 7th, 1688, by the APPRENTICE BOYS, followed by the distressing siege of eight weary months, in which the Irish forces of James II, assisted by troops from France, heaped upon the inhabitants, and the soldiers gathered within the narrow walls, all that can be endured by mortal famished man,—ending, as the siege finally did, in the disgraceful departure of the popish forces,—turned the scale in favour of William of Nassau and secured to him the crown of England, and to the country at large the succession of Protestant Kings and Queens that have filled the throne to this day.

Had the gates of Derry remained open, or had the siege terminated in the early capitulation of the city, the forces from France and Ireland would have gone to Scotland to act in concert with the famous Claver'se in favour of James. Who can calculate the effects of that union of forces? Even supposing the hour of Claver'se had come, and he must fall in some indecisive victory, James might have defended his crown against his son in law, the Prince of Orange, if not to victory, at least to a prolonged and sanguinary contest. James had the rare fortune to turn all favourable circumstances and events against himself, and a singular inability to turn adversity to his favour. But the Scotch and Irish and French forces united under able leaders would have tasked both the courage and ability of William and his followers. Londonderry broke up all arrangements. Her siege consumed the money, the provisions, and the men that were to vindicate the rights of James. Claver'se waited, and in despair gained his last victory, and died an ignobly glorious death. Scotland was lost to James. Ireland, then the field of contest, was abandoned after the battle of the Boyne. James felt his crown was lost. But had Derry been possessed in time, the battle of the Boyne could not have been fought; the decisive battle would have been elsewhere. It is a matter of surprise, and scarcely to be accounted for, that a place so badly fortified as Derry could have held out so long. An experienced commander, exclaimed at a glance,—“It is impossible a military man should have attempted its defence: or that such an one should have failed in its reduction.”

William of Orange landed in England on the 5th of November, 1688. That may be considered as the first act of hostility. James, in the distraction of his councils, summoned his forces from Ireland. He supposed that England or Scotland must be the battle ground. Lord Mountjoy who had possession of Derry, with a regiment of disciplined soldiers, left this little town, in the extreme north of Ireland, vacant, and hastened to

amongst the Papists that some great event was about to take place advantageous to their cause. Every where the Protestants were aroused.

The messenger that brought the news to Derry, reported the forces of the Earl of Antrim to be near the city; that the advanced guard was within three or four miles when he passed. The city was filled with consternation at the double danger. The Rev. James Gordon, Presbyterian minister of Clondomet, near Derry, being in the town, and consulted by Alderman Tompkins, advised to *shut the gates and exclude the soldiery*; as the walls of the town were sufficient protection against forces unprovided with artillery. The aged and pious Bishop Hopkins, being also in town, was consulted by Alderman Norman, and gave his opinion against shutting the gates, as such a measure would irritate the soldiers of Antrim, and the inhabitants were not prepared for a siege. The terrified inhabitants assembled in groups; and here and there is heard a threat from the young men, the apprentices,—for Derry was extensively engaged in the manufacture of linen,—to shut the gates. The men in authority were engaged in discouraging any outbreak of passion; and were miserably hesitating between submission and resistance. Two companies of the advancing forces having reached the river, the commanding officers were ferried over the Foyle, and called for a conference with the city authorities, to adjust the manner of admission and the disposition of the forces. The Deputy Mayor, John Buchanan, was for giving them an immediate and honourable reception; Horace Kennedy, one of the Sheriffs, was for shutting the gates; the others were hesitating. The young men were assembled waiting the result and a signal from Kennedy. The discussion was prolonged. The soldiers, anxious to get to their expected quarters, without orders, began to cross the river and to approach the ferry gate. The young men took the alarm. Some ran to the guard, seized the keys, and hasting to the gates, shut them in the face of the soldiers. The other gates were speedily shut and secured. The names of the apprentices that led the way in this exploit, were Henry Campsie, William Crookshanks, Robert Sherrard, Daniel Sherrard, Alexander Irwin, James Stewart, Robert Morrison, Alexander Coningham, William Cairns, and Samuel Harvey. From the gates the young men hastened to the magazine, where their leader, Henry Campsie, is wounded by the guard, a reputed Papist. The sight of blood aggravated the populace. All the efforts of the Deputy Mayor, the Bishop, and the officers of Antrim, who were in the town, could not prevail on the people to open the gates. “The dull heads of the men of Londonderry”—says Makenzie—“could not comprehend how it

could be a great crime to shut the gates against those whom they believed had been sent to cut their throats." Archbishop King observes—"No man could blame the youthful heroes for their decision on the occasion; they were startled even at the external appearance of the pack of ruffians now approaching the city, attended by crowds of ferocious women and armed boys; many of the captains and other officers of the regiment were well known there, having been confined in the goal for thefts and robberies."

The soldiers become impatient waiting at the gates, and clamour for admittance. The discussion is still going on between the officers and the leaders of the people. One James Morrison mounted the walls, and bid the soldiers "begone." As they refused to leave the gates, he turned around and cried out,—“bring about a great gun here.” Immediately the soldiers fled, and re-crossed the river, to the main body. On Saturday the 8th, the Bishop left the place for his castle of Raphoe, and the greater part of the Papists departed from the city. Many of the Protestants in the surrounding country came within the walls for protection; and the inhabitants became more unanimous in the defence of the place.

The dreaded Sunday passed. There was no massacre. It will probably remain a mystery for ever to what extent a massacre was intended, whether for the whole Protestant population, or some neighbourhoods; and also whether the conspiracy failed from want of concert, or from the alarm that had aroused the whole country. But with the day, the fears of the Protestants of Derry did not pass. They kept the city closed and guarded. The forces of Antrim commenced the siege. News that the Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, and many of the nobility, had joined the Prince of Orange, encouraged the inhabitants of Derry to maintain their rights and defend their lives. The soldiers watched an opportunity to enter the town; and the inhabitants were on the alert to prevent surprise. The number of men in the city able to bear arms was small, not exceeding three hundred. About the same number might have been in the suburbs. The space included by the walls was small, of an oval form, its greatest diameter being about two thousand feet, the shortest about six hundred, situated on rising ground in the bend of the river on the west bank of the Foyle.

The Protestants and Papists, in the North of Ireland, passed the winter in military preparations and skirmishes, ranged as they now were, the one for King William, was proclaimed in January 1689, and the other for James, who had fled to France. The forces of James gradually got the better of the Protestants, and wrested from them one town after

another, till few places besides Derry were left in their possession.

James, assisted by the troops and money of Lewis XIV. landed in Ireland the 12th of March 1689. After a short stay in Dublin, he marched with twelve thousand men, and a train of artillery, intending to overrun the province of Ulster, cross to Scotland, unite with Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and make a descent on England. By the 18th of the month he appeared before Derry. All other places submitted, except Inneskillen. The Protestant forces were dispersed, or gathered within the ramparts of these two places. The inhabitants of the country fled, in great numbers, at the approach of James; and when he commenced the regular siege and destructive bombardment of the city, there were crowded in the narrow space of the oblong walls of Derry, about twenty thousand people, men, women, and children, besides seven thousand three hundred soldiers armed for defence, but illy provided with artillery or ammunition. On the fate of Derry hung the fate of Ulster, and of Ireland. James is contending for his crown; the Protestants for religion and the blessings of a government of law; and neither is aware of the full importance of the struggle that is going on around the walls of that little city.

Colonel Lundy who commanded the forces within the city, in council with some of his officers, drew articles of capitulation, agreeably to a promise he had sent the king; and James waited, on horseback, through a whole drizzly day, without eating, to receive the articles, and make his repast within the walls. Many of the principal men were in favour of surrender; but the great body of the people were opposed, and under the guidance of Captain Adam Murray, a gallant Presbyterian gentleman, expressed their feelings so strongly, that Lundy first secreted himself, and then escaped from the city in disguise of a pedlar of matches. Major Henry Baker, and the Rev. George Walker, an Episcopal clergyman, from the county of Tyrone, advanced in years, a strenuous defender of the Protestant cause, who had taken refuge in Derry, were chosen governors. The armed forces were divided into eight regiments, with proper officers; Baker and Walker each retaining the command of one. James, wearied with the life in camp, returned to Dublin. By his inconsistent course he fixed the wavering Protestants in favour of his rival, and scarce made an attempt to gain the affections of those whom he subdued.

As Derry was the only remaining obstacle in Ireland, its reduction became an object of immediate importance. On the 18th of June, Count De Rosen entered the camp, with fifteen hundred men, to take the command and press the siege to a

conclusion. The friends in Scotland were anxiously waiting the arrival of the French forces, and the supply of money. The siege therefore became more close, the assaults more frequent, the bombardment more severe. The besieged endured wounds, famine, pestilence, and all the miseries of a population crowded into a small area, and all exposed to the fire of the enemy. Their sufferings increased with the heat of summer. They were aggravated by the want of pure water. The wells were drawn low by the multitude, and the water became impure from the shaking of the foundations of the city, by the discharge of cannon from the walls, and from the camp of the enemy. The water from the clouds was tainted with brimstone from the showers of balls and shells that fell upon their roofs without intermission.

About the middle of June, Walker says in his journal—"Fever, dysentery and other diseases became very general, and a great mortality existed among the garrison and inhabitants of the city. In one day no less than fifteen commissioned officers died." The havoc among the besieged was immense. It is stated on good authority that upwards of twenty-seven thousand persons were shut in the city at the commencement of the siege. Of these, it is agreed, that about *one-third* perished; more than a thousand per month, or two hundred and fifty per week, or about thirty-five or six every day.

"On the 9th of July"—says Walker—"the allowance was a pound of tallow dignified by the name of French butter, to every soldier in the garrison. They mixed it with meal, ginger, pepper and aniseed, and made excellent pancakes."—"Charming meat"—says Captain Ash—"for during the preceding fortnight, horseflesh was eaten; and at this time the carcase of a dog was reckoned good meat. The famine became more severe and was aggravated by disease. Oatmeal, which before the siege, was sold for four pence the peck, could not be bought for less than six shillings. Butter sold for five pence the ounce. Other food was proportionably dear. Captain Ash mentions a poor famished man that dressed his dog to satisfy the cravings of his stomach. An equally hungry creditor enters and demands a debt, just as the feast was prepared. The debtor was unable to pay; the creditor was inexorable; and the dainty morsel was resigned to satisfy the claim.

On the 27th of July the market prices were, according to Walker's diary—Horseflesh one shilling and eight pence per pound; a quarter of a dog four shillings and six pence; a dog's head two shillings and six pence; a cat four shillings and six pence; a rat one shilling; a mouse six pence; a pound of tallow four shillings; a pound of salted hides one shilling; a quart of horse blood one shilling; a horse pudding six pence;

a quart of meal, when found, one shilling. A small fluke, a little fish, taken in the river could not be purchased for money, and could be got only in exchange for meal. "Mr. James Cunningham showed them"—says Walker—"where was a considerable quantity of starch, which they mixed with tallow, and fried as pancakes. This food proved a providential remedy for the dysentery which prevailed in the city, from excessive fatigue, mental anxiety, and unwholesome food."

On Sabbath, the last day of June, Governor Henry Baker died. His prudence, resolution, gentlemanly behaviour, patience and freedom from jealousy, rendered his loss to the garrison irreparable. Some days before his death, a council, in his sick room, united with him in appointing Col. Mitchelburn as his successor. There had been formerly a difference between these two men; this settlement of it proclaims at once the honourable standing of Mitchelburn, and the nobleness of Baker.

A graphic description of the actors and events of the eight months, appeared in a historical drama published soon after the siege. One scene characterizes the good humour of the heroic defenders of Derry amidst their severest sufferings. Mitchelburn is represented as giving a dinner to Governor Walker and four distinguished ladies. He thus addresses his guests at table,—
"Gentlemen and Ladies—the first dish you see, in slices, is the liver of one of the enemy's horses that was killed the other day: it is very good meat, with pepper and salt, eaten cold. I have seven of these livers boiled, and after they are pickled they eat very well. This other is horse's blood fried with French butter, otherwise tallow, and thickened with oat meal. The third dish is what we call in French, ragout de chien,—in English, a ragout of the haunch of my dog; it does not eat so well boiled as roasted; but it eats best when baked. I have a horse's head in the oven, very well seasoned, but it will not be eatable till night."

On the day Governor Baker died, Mareschal de Rosen sent a declaration into Derry, that unless the place were surrendered that day, he would drive all the Protestants from Inneskillen to Charlemont, under the walls, and then make a general assault. On the next day he issued the following order—"As I have certain information that a considerable number of the wives and children of the rebels in Londonderry, have retired to Belfast and the neighbouring places, and as the hardness of their husbands and fathers deserves the severest chastisement, I write this letter to acquaint you, that you are instantly to make an exact search in Belfast and its neighbourhood, after such subjects as are rebellious to the King, whether men women boys or girls, without exception, and whether they are protected or unprotected, to arrest them and collect them together, that they may be

conducted to this camp and driven under the walls of Londonderry, where they shall be allowed to starve, in sight of the rebels within the town, unless they choose to open their ports to them." On the next day, the second of July, he drove about three thousand men, women and children, without respect to age or condition, sickness or health, to the walls of Derry, and there left them exposed, having first plundered them of food and clothing. On the next day he drove about a thousand more to join the naked starving company. Cries and lamentations resound from the walls, and from this wretched multitude. On the one side were the horrors of a siege, on the other nakedness, and famine in the open air and upon the wet ground. Yet no voice from the common people proposed a surrender. The magistrates erected a gallows on a prominent part of the walls, and sent to De Rosen for a priest to come and confess the prisoners, some of whom were officers of distinction, in preparation for death, as unless the multitude around the walls were sent away speedily, these prisoners should be hanged upon the gallows in sight of their friends in the camp. The distressed people around the walls exhorted the townsmen to hold out, and not be moved by their sufferings. The officers in De Rosen's camp exclaimed against the barbarity exercised upon the people under the walls and the ignominious death that awaited their friends, prisoners in the city. On the fourth of July, De Rosen gave permission for the unhappy people under the walls to return to their homes, having kept some of them two, and others three days, without food. Hundreds were left dead under the walls, from the three days' famine and exposure; hundreds perished from hunger and fatigue before they reached their homes; and multitudes more were soon laid in their graves from the exposures of this dreadful pilgrimage, and the privations they suffered after their return to their homes plundered of every comfort, and many burned to the ground by the soldiery and the Rapparees. De Rosen plead as his excuse for this barbarity, the usages of the Continental commanders with whom he had served.

The women often took part in the battles that were waged almost daily around the ramparts. On the 4th of June this record was made—"the fair sex shared the glory of the defence of Londonderry on this occasion, for when the men, to whom they had, for the whole time, intrepidly carried ammunition, match, bread and drink, began to fall back, they rushed forward in a considerable number and beat back the grenadiers with stones as they attempted to climb up the trenches; and altogether they stemmed the torrent of war, till a reinforcement rushed from the city and repelled the assailants." The courage and endurance of the females never failed, in the sad offices of

dressing the wounded and watching the sick, under the pressure of hunger and amidst scenes shocking to delicacy. They encouraged the men to maintain the siege and die honourably fighting rather than fall into the hands of the besieging papists.

About the middle of June the fleet, sent under the command of Major General Kirke, for the relief of the city, came in sight. The famished inhabitants rang the bells for joy. In consternation they saw it speedily depart. In a few days Kirke came in sight again, but did nothing effectual towards supplying the perishing inhabitants from the transports laden with provisions sent expressly for their relief. Messenger after messenger was sent from the town, and promise after promise of speedy assistance was sent back. The fleet again disappeared, and again returned to the sight of the famished inhabitants and mocked their hopes with the heavily laden transports. The General suffered in his reputation for these manœuvres, and made no satisfactory statement, further than his fears that his fleet could not encounter the fortifications, nor break the boom thrown across the harbour.

On the 16th of July, while the horrors of the siege were accumulating on Derry, Claver's, the firm ally of James in Scotland, noted in the history of the sufferings of the Covenanters, impatient of waiting longer for the French and Irish forces detained at Derry, and irritated by the advance of the forces of King William into Scotland, gives battle at Killikranke. Rushing on with his usual impetuosity he routed the opposing flanks, and pressing on to cut off their retreat through a narrow pass, he outrode his troops. Wheeling and raising his right hand above his head, to beckon his men, he received a fatal wound through the opening in his armour, and fell about the setting of the sun. His men gathered around him, carried him to his quarters, dressed his wound, and tried to cheer his spirits. The route of William's forces was complete. On the next day, having received a detail of the victory and dictated a letter to James, entreating a reinforcement, and stating that his wound was severe, but, he was told, not mortal, this scourge of the Covenanters passed to his last account. With him perished the fruits of his victory, and all the hopes of James in Scotland. The Siege of Derry must continue till the cause of James was ruined.

At last, when the last rations in Derry were dealt out to the famished inhabitants,—*a half a pint of meal per man*, when all were in dismay and certain expectation of death, their relief came. The ships were once more in sight. The starving inhabitants and unconquered soldiers gloated upon the distant fleet that tantalized their misery. But the fleet now came into the harbour. The Rev. James Gordon of Clondomat, near

Derry, who advised to the shutting of the gates, was compelled to leave his congregation by the barbarity of the besieging forces, and fled to Scotland. Hearing of the delay of Kirke, and the assigned reasons, he took a boat at Greenock, crossed over Loch Foyle, and got on board the fleet, and endeavoured by arguments and reproaches to stimulate the officers and men to afford the necessary relief. Kirke had a private interview with him, and for a time seemed doubtful whether to consider him a friend or a rash disorganizer. Gordon gave Kirke a plan of the harbour from his own knowledge, and finally persuaded him that the relief of the city was in his power. Kirke never mentioned this interview in any of his accounts of the siege. There is, however, no doubt of its having taken place.

About six o'clock in the afternoon of the Sabbath, July 28th, a moderate gale springing up, from the Northwest, the Dartmouth weighed anchor and stood towards Culmore. The fort immediately opened a brisk cannonade. Captain Leake fired neither great nor small shot, till he came on the wind of the castle; then he began to batter the walls, and sheltered the transports, casting anchor within musket shot of the fort. The Mountjoy passed the fort accompanied by the long boat of the Swallow prepared to cut the boom. She sailed on through a well directed fire from both sides of the river, and striking against the boom is repelled and runs aground. Her gallant commander is killed at the same moment by a musket ball. Favoured by the rising tide, and rebounding from a broadside discharged for the purpose, the Mountjoy soon floated again; and the boatswain's mate of the Swallow having cut the boom, the vessel once more in motion, by its weight breaks through that formidable barrier. The Phoenix followed by the Mountjoy, and towed all the way by the Swallow's boats, reached the quay about ten o'clock in the evening, to the inexpressible joy of the famished garrison, who had been watching with intense interest every turn and pause in their progress up the river. In two days the Siege of Derry was raised, and the cause of James was hopeless.

De Rosen despaired of bringing the city to a surrender and withdrew his army. The besiegers lost about nine thousand men around the walls of Derry, and about a hundred of the best officers perished. The joy of the besieged knew no bounds. Public thanksgivings to Almighty God were rendered by the people at large, and private rejoicings filled every house, that the hand of the destroyer was stayed. The news of the relief of Derry reached William at Hampton Court, on the 4th of August, by a messenger despatched by Kirke the morning after the vessels reached the quay; and to him it was the happy assurance that his crown was safe, and the war in

fact decided. Scotland rejoiced in the happy termination of that siege, which had been the indirect means of the downfall of one who had hunted his fellow Protestants like a remorseless bloodhound. The whole land echoed the praises of the brave defenders of Derry: and William loaded some of the leading men with rich presents. But many of the greatest labourers shared the smallest permanent advantages.

Of the commanding officers in the Siege of Derry, such as colonels and field officers, the majority were of the Church of England. Of the captains and inferior officers the majority were Presbyterians; and of the soldiers and the inhabitants, there were fifteen Presbyterians to one Episcopalian. And yet, after this important siege, while the Episcopal Church was established in England, and the Presbyterians in Scotland, in Ireland,—where there was a mixture of Presbyterians and Episcopalians,—the Presbyterians, by whose bravery and sufferings the kingdom had been secured to the Prince of Orange, were compelled, after the Government was settled, to pay their tithes to the established church, and maintain their own ministers, and also to suffer other disabilities consequent on an Establishment. The soldiers in this siege were never paid the common wages of soldiers, for their sufferings from disease and famine, and their exposure to the worst forms of death. After two and thirty years of fruitless negotiations, there remained due to the eight regiments upwards of £74,000 sterling, not a farthing of which was ever paid.

The endurance of such multiplied sufferings by the people of Derry, in a place so small and rendered offensive by the putrid corpses of the multitudes that perished, for whom only the slightest burial could be obtained, and that slight burial torn up by dogs and the shot and shells from the enemy's camp, is marvellous; and that in the midst of their sufferings they should answer the summons to surrender, by the resolution—*"that no man on the pain of death should speak of surrendering the city,"* cannot be accounted for except that in their strong adherence to strong principles, the Almighty God held them up. That the feeble looking walls, which to human appearance might so easily have been battered down, remained unshaken; and the town which lay so fair to the shot of the enemy, should have escaped destruction, is wonderful. When De Rosen first beheld the place, he expressed his utter contempt, and declared "he would make his men bring it to him stone by stone"—and impiously swore, "by the belly of God," that he would demolish it and bury the defenders in its ruins. But the threatened walls stand yet.

After Ireland was subdued to the government of William, and the prospects of the Presbyterians not much improved even

by the Toleration Act, reports full of hope from America reached the people of Ulster, and lured them once more to try the Atlantic. More than half a century had passed since the *Eagle Wing* had sailed and been driven back. Once more emigrants venture out, and the smiles of Providence are on their voyage. A part of the work for which they had been detained in Ireland was fully accomplished; and now they were sent to act an important part in the wilds of America. Ship load after ship load sailed for America from Ulster. And not a few from Derry sought the provinces in the new world. For half a century the emigration filled the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. One lady, whose ashes repose in the oldest burying ground in the Valley of the Shenandoah, that of the Opecken church, and whose descendants in Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee, are reckoned by scores and by hundreds, used to speak with tears of that memorable siege, and lament in bitterness "two fair brothers," whose death filled up in part the measure of sufferings at Derry. Devotedly pious herself, she is honoured by the fact, that a large proportion of her descendants have professed the religion of their mother, Mary Gamble Glass, the wife of Samuel Glass, and sister of the Gambles that settled in Augusta. And in Augusta those brothers reared families worthy of their ancestry; their names are not unknown in Virginia and the South. The names of the "*Apprentices*" are familiar names in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

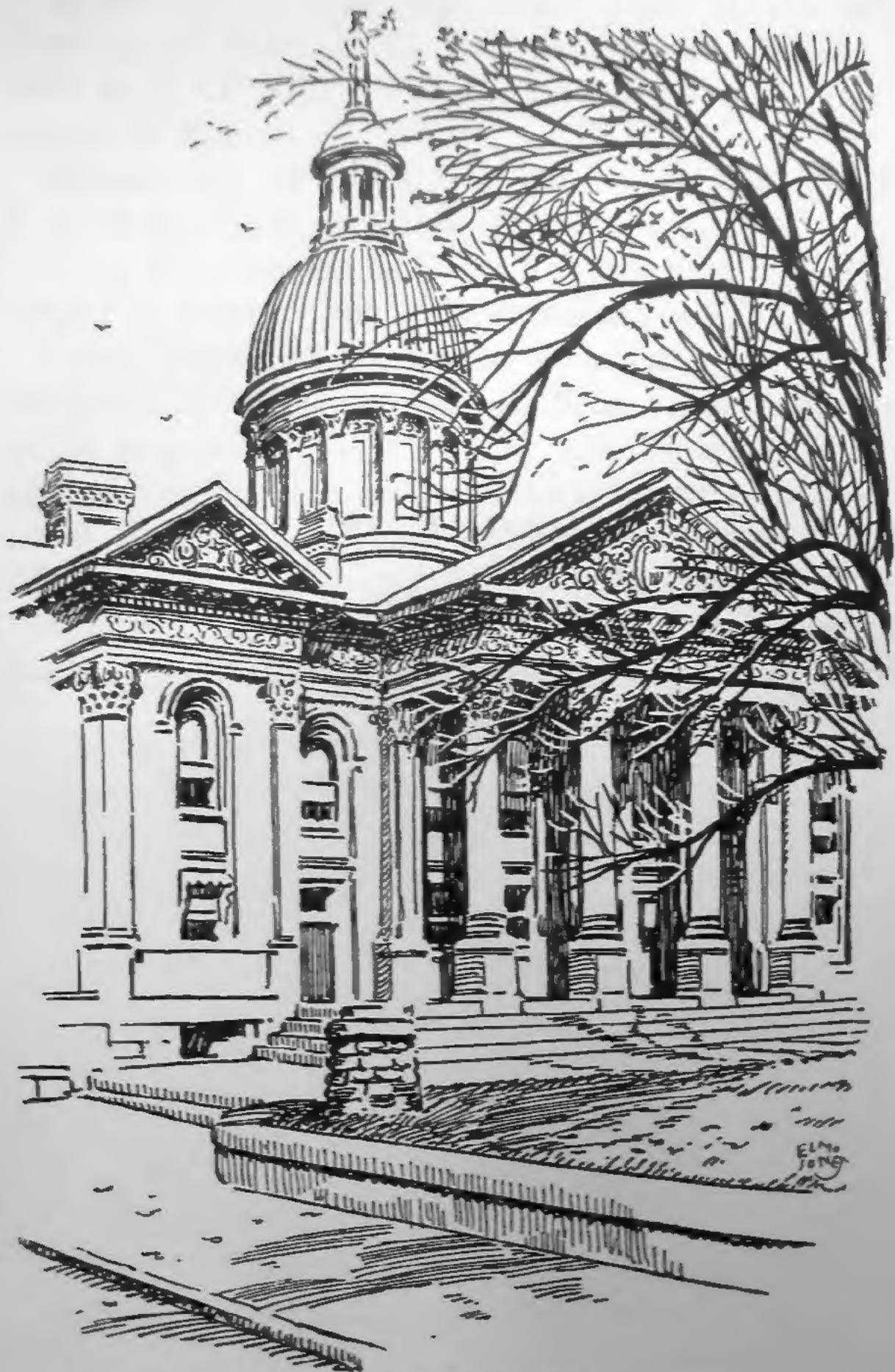
The principles in exercise at Derry, were the principles to fit men for subduing a wilderness, and building a State, where there should be no king, no state religion.

Note.—For a more extended history of the Siege of Derry—consult Graham's History of the Siege—and Reed's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

CHAPTER VI.

PRESBYTERIAN COLONIES IN VIRGINIA.

FOR some years after the death of Makemie there was no congregation or colony of Presbyterians in Virginia. There were families of Scotch and Scotch Irish scattered through the province engaged in trade. Their influence in the colony was small. There were some families that had connected themselves with the Presbyterian church in the time of Makemie, but not in neighbourhoods sufficient to sustain



AUGUSTA COURTHOUSE